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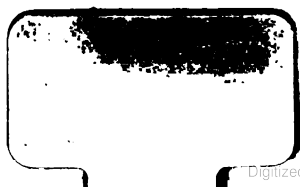




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THE
HIND AND PANTHER.

PRINTED BY W. NICOL, 51, PALL-MALL.

THE
HIND AND PANTHER

PART IV.

BY

PHILIP WILLIAMS, Esq.,

VINERIAN PROFESSOR OF LAW IN THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.



LONDON:

PAYNE AND FOSS, PALL-MALL.

1835.

106.

W.

P R E F A C E.

IN calling the attention of the public to the trifling matter contained in the following sheets, the Author feels it incumbent on him to offer a few words in the nature of an apology. It is, indeed, but little to the purpose to advance the ordinary excuse, that the trifle in question originated in accident altogether. Such, however, is the truth. An occasional perusal of Dryden's well-known work gave birth at the moment to a train of thought, from whence sprung the present production. It was at first privately printed by the Author for the purpose of distribution among his friends; to some of these (whose opinion stands high in public estimation) he has long been in the habit of deferring with feelings of confidence and respect, and in obedience to their wishes he has been induced to send this little trifle in a more extended manner before the public at large. How far the partiality of these friends towards him may for a moment have suspended their better judgement, it must rest with that self-same public to determine.

It remains merely to add, with respect to Dryden's celebrated work of the *Hind and Panther*, that partly from the controversial nature of the subject, and partly from the whimsical frame of the machinery, it has in latter times become far less generally known than the other satirical works of this great master; although it most unquestionably contains some of the most vigorous effusions of his muse, and most pointed observations on the religious and political opinions of the period in which it was written. The Author refrains from entering into any critical disquisition on the merits of this extraordinary production, or descanting on the great sensation it appears to have raised on its first introduction to the world; he however ventures to recommend to those who are inclined to honour him with a perusal of the following lines, a previous refreshment of their memories, through a reference to Dryden's original work, as without some preparation of this description they may find it difficult to extend to him even a moderate portion of their attention. For himself he hopes that his readers will consider this attempt as a mere harmless *jeu d'esprit*, springing out of the amusement of his idle hours, and that as it deals not in invidious personalities, or is calculated to inflict individual pain, he trusts that at least it may be received in a spirit of dispassionate forbearance.

It may be thought that the passing of the Catholic Emancipation Bill would have been a more proper season for a publication of this description; and the question might fairly be asked, whether the time be not now passed by for alluding in so particular a manner to a by-gone political event. To this the Author has to reply, that the effect of the Reform Bill, especially as regards Ireland, has in a degree again recalled into active life opinions and feelings which one might have wished to have been for ever consigned to oblivion; he however begs leave to disclaim any allusions of an individual tendency. He trusts that the question itself has been fairly stated, and the respective arguments duly arranged with regard to the situation of the two four-footed combatants. It was obviously his business to frame the result in conformity to past events; and he, therefore, begs that the sentiments expressed may not be considered as exclusively his own, but rather such as are in right keeping with the character of the disputants. Although in common with others he may not be a mere passive looker on at so critical and momentous a period, he is on this occasion anxious to inculcate the doctrine of mutual concession; to enforce the golden rule of "bear and forbear;" and to smooth down prejudice, and look with a spirit of indulgence on the wayward humours of mankind—in short, to advise

those who are dissatisfied and alarmed to make the best of a bad bargain, and to recommend the general maxims of Prudence and Liberality at a period unquestionably of great political excitement, and of anxious and fearful responsibility.

If he should be thought to have at all succeeded in this first and most important object, he hopes that the indulgence of a good natured public will visit his individual presumption with a spirit of kindness at least, should they feel obliged to withhold any testimony of their more positive approbation.

THE HIND AND PANTHER.

PART IV.

YEAR after year rolled on, day-after day,
And hope deferr'd had well nigh died away ;—
Whilst the meek Hind, tho' still in peace she strayed
O'er the wild forest, and the tangled glade,
In silence mourned—permitted but to view
The royal meads, and at a distance too.

Long had she tried to gain a free resort,
And pay obeisance at the *Lion's* court :*
In vain her meek petition had preferred
To share the blessings of the general herd :
Vain were her efforts—all her reasonings vain—
The prick-eared puritan of Charles's reign,†

* Alluding to the numberless petitions for the Repeal of the Corporation and Test Acts.

† See the beginning of Dryden's First Book. I take this opportunity of recommending Sir Walter Scott's Edition, as the notes and allusions contained in them will be found of the greatest service.

The stiff reserve of presbyterian pride,
The Fox, the Boar, and the whole gang beside ;
All these by fits, in league offensive, joined
To hunt and persecute the helpless Hind.

'Tis true the Lion had of late repealed
Those furious laws his ancestors had held ;
And, in a generous spirit, cleared the road
From the worst horrors of the forest code :*
And sense of shame, and slow returning right
Had driven oppression's deadliest brood to flight.
Yet still a dread of antiquated ill,
A pampered habit that controuls the will—
A dark resolve, that, obstinate and strong,
Clings to its loved consistency of wrong,
Withheld those sacred rights, which *laws divine*
Dispense to all her sons at freedom's shrine.

Oh ! for that tuneful voice in days of yore,
Which ran the melancholy story o'er !
Then, haply to the world, I might prevail
To tell the sequel of the poet's tale :
How truth and justice have at length combined
To soothe the sorrows of the patient *Hind*.

* The various penal laws against the Catholics, which were repealed during the long reign of George III.

It chanced of late, as in a livelier mood
The milk-white dame came bounding o'er the wood ;
As, light of heart, along the walks she flew,
And brushed the spangles of the morning dew ;
She passed that covert in the mountain glen
Where the gaunt Panther slumbered in her den—
“ Good morrow, dame, (she nodded as she passed,)
“ Much change of weather since I saw you last ;
“ But, on the whole, I deem the troublous air
“ Is somewhat calm, and looks like settled fair.”

The wary Panther cast a civil leer,
Which looked all caution, but confessed no fear ;
And her recumbent body forward bent,
Grinned a reluctant and a forced consent.
Coaxed by this half civility to stay,
The timid Hind now stopped her on her way ;
And bolder grown—“ My honest friend I pray,
“ Let us renew that converse late we shared,
“ And long since sung by my protecting bard :
“ The times a little friendly chat demand
“ On all that since has happened in the land ;
“ We both shall find, I ween, since last we met,
“ Much to forgive, and something to forget.”

“ I know not (growled the Panther) by what law
“ Such false conclusions you presume to draw ;

“ Cast but your view towards sea-girt Erin’s skies,
“ And mark what dark portentous clouds arise :
“ Murder and fraud, and cowardice combined,
“ With base ingratitude together joined,
“ Swell the full tide of desolation there—
“ Methinks this looks not much like settled fair :
“ Such are the feelings of your popish herd—
“ Such my reward for benefits conferred !
“ Deign then, to spare this politic grimace,
“ Which breaks my rest, and beards me to my face.”

“ Hard words, indeed, hard words !” the Hind replied,
“ But pure in heart, with Providence my guide,
“ Your harsh, unjust aspersions, I repel—
“ And what my conscience feels, my tongue shall tell.
“ Now pause a little, and with patience weigh
“ The pro’s and con’s of that important day—
“ When your applauding statesmen gave the word
“ That sheathed for ever Persecution’s sword :
“ When a full senate hushed a nation’s pain,
“ And called my sons to life and light again.
“ Say, would you fain recal the fair decree
“ That joins at last together you and me ?
“ Because some few, unworthy of the cause,
“ Rebellion’s imps, and haters of the laws,
“ For purposes of interest and spleen
“ Would mar the beauties of the goodly scene ?

“ Apostate recreants ! who, in false disguise,
“ True to their creed of infamy and lies,
“ Keep up th’ excitement of the passing hour,
“ And fall before the shrine of gold and power.
“ But I have faithful sons, who still shall raise
“ Their songs of thankfulness, and notes of praise ;
“ Shall bless the liberal hand for what is given,
“ And for the future trust all-bounteous heaven :
“ And join your sons amid this hallowed wood
“ In one firm compact for the Lion’s good.”

“ Make this but plain,” the spotted beast rejoined,
“ We still may be of one consentient mind :
“ But you’ve an arduous task, and much to do
“ E’er you can prove these large assertions true,
“ And waive your known apostacy and sin ;—
“ But I’m prepared to listen—so begin.”

“ Try then my merits, and let truth prevail,
“ And fairly weigh me in the historic scale,”
Exclaimed the Hind ; “ just trace my children down
“ From those bold monarchs of the English crown ;
“ When first Augustine raised the Christian’s hope,
“ And fiery Becket hailed the priesthood and the pope.
“ Though bound to Rome, our fixed communion clings
“ To one chief head in all celestial things ;—

“ We prize our loyalty and freedom more
“ Than all our pontiffs can reserve in store—
“ But when each foe that barks before your face
“ In the full senate, can command a place,
“ Why gulp the camel and the gnat refuse ?
“ Why spurn our friendship when you’ve nought to lose ?
“ We do not want your slice of wheaten bread—
“ Content to keep our wafer in its stead.
“ Say, when a dastard Prince first bow’d the knee,
“ And held the stirrup to the Holy See—
“ When mean submission crowned a legate’s pride,
“ And mournful freedom turn’d her head aside—
“ Who then stood forth amid the general gloom
“ To quell the insatiate avarice of Rome ?
“ Look at my sons—that sacred deed unfold
“ In freedom’s hallowed archives still enrolled ;—
“ There Magna Charta’s barons, stout and good,
“ Frown’d unsubdued, and prodigal of blood,
“ Through every rank the quick infection ran ;
“ And Cantia’s* honest prelate led the van—
“ Though papists, Romans, whatsoe’er you will—
“ True to their country and their fathers still,
“ They spurned their monarch at his utmost hour,
“ And laugh’d at Rome, her terrors, and her power. . .

* Archbishop Langton, the Primate.

“ Again, in after times, when haughty Spain
“ With one vast armament o’erspread the main,
“ Who then stept forth amid the appalling scene
“ To crown the glories of the maiden queen ?*
“ Not all the arts that Jesuits could supply—
“ Not all the weapons in Rome’s armoury—
“ Injunctions, bulls, indulgencies, and all
“ Those miscreant fiends, who wait th’ assassin’s call,
“ Could for one moment turn my patriot band,
“ Pervert their zeal, or stay th’ uplifted hand;—
“ Exulting papists crown’d old ocean’s height
“ With shouts for ‘ *Howard* ’† in the glorious fight.
“ Excuse me yet, if I once more review
“ Still later days, and scenes of darker hue ;
“ When lawless zealots seiz’d on discord’s brand,
“ And hurl’d destruction over Gallia’s strand ;
“ Who fill’d your patriot bands ? who taught to feel
“ By sea, by land, the cannon and the steel ?
“ When England stood collected and alone,
“ And kept secure the altar and the throne ?
“ On Maida’s plains, and at Aboukir’s bay,
“ To Victory’s temple, say who led the way ?

* Queen Elizabeth.

† Lord Howard of Effingham—the Lord High Admiral and a Roman Catholic.

“ Did not my papists swell your ranks, and brave
“ Vedra’s tall heights, and Douro’s purple wave !—
“ And still of Nelson’s death my sons shall tell
“ Who mourned their triumph when the hero fell ;
“ And mad with joy, their loudest pæans drew
“ In praise of him—the chief of Waterloo !”

“ Nay,” quoth the Panther, “ this is idle prate,
“ Your frothy declamation comes too late ;
“ Your deeds of peace and loyalty combined,
“ Are but the workings of a selfish mind ;
“ Tho’ bigots in the cause, you wisely thought
“ Religious bliss might be too dearly bought ;
“ And mass and sacraments would hardly yield
“ The solid produce of Britannia’s field :
“ But seize some hour, when private interest blends
“ Its worldly prospects with religious ends ;
“ Then we shall see you mad with ardent hope,
“ Rushing all headlong to your Holy Pope.
“ Thus Persecution trod the ensanguined plain,
“ And scattered slaughter over Mary’s reign,
“ Your bloody queen :—the torture and the screw !
“ And frantic Bonner with his furious crew ;
“ These still in memory live, and ne’er shall die,
“ And martyr’d prelates still for vengeance cry.

“ Next mark those scenes of national disgrace
“ Which closed the fortunes of the Stewart race !
“ When the blind malice of the second James
“ Drove my brave prelates down the silver Thames ;
“ And fixed contempt of law and private right,
“ Roused a whole people to the hallowed fight—
“ Good men confederate, when bad combine ;
“ Hence sprung the avenger of the Nassau line !
“ From that sad hour, a fearful race of foes,
“ Plots and intrigues in sad succession rose.
“ Still for her gallant sons must Scotia feel,
“ The luckless victims of misguided zeal ;
“ When Brunswick scarce could bend to mercy’s call,*
“ Or let the sword of angry justice fall !
“ Forewarned in time our Lion shall command,
“ And keep the staff for ever in his hand.
“ I know your schemes full well—tho’ now forsooth,
“ You hold the language of ingenuous truth ;
“ Tho’ soft persuasion o’er your face is flung,
“ And words, like honey, trickle from your tongue :
“ Yet past experience bids me learn full well
“ What dreadful crimes the page of history swell ;
“ Sicilian vespers may again appear
“ *Still nearer home*, and meet the affrighted ear ;

* Alluding to the Pretender, and the support he received from the Highlanders : and the executions which followed the two rebellions.

“ And bloody monsters may again combine,
“ And join *Bartholomew's* to *Patrick's shrine*.*
“ How can you boast submission to the laws,
“ And your faith plighted to the Lion's cause ?
“ When the sly father-confessor is near,
“ To whisper foulest treason in your ear ;
“ *Mental reserve* her subtle poison plies,
“ And ‘ keep no faith with hereticks,’ she cries.—
“ Full many a word of truth is used in jest—
“ Then mark this fable by Dan Æsop dressed—

“ ‘ A tawny Lion once by love beguiled,
“ Paid his addresses to a woodman's child—
“ A maid, like you so meek—so free from sin,
“ Her smiling looks bespoke a guileless heart within.
“ The cunning woodman took a stedfast aim,
“ And the young damsel play'd her father's game ;
“ She coaxed, she praised the Lion's manly face ;
“ But owned her horrors of the rough embrace,
“ And made conditions, ere the knot was tied,
“ Or she could share his bed, and be the Lion's bride.
“ The lordly beast, thus turn'd to beauty's tool,
“ Became, like Sampson, an outwitted fool ;
“ Gave all she asked, too eager to be blessed—
“ I've said enough—methinks you know the rest.

* Sicilian vespers and St. Bartholomew's day.

" Pared were the terrors of his outstretched claw,
 " And no remaining *grinder* left to draw ;
 " Fell desolation reigned throughout his vacant *jaw*.
 " The wary woodman seized the time to smite ;
 " Nero might growl indeed, but could not bite ;
 " So both attacked him, and knocked out his brains,
 " And called him fool, and blockhead for his pains.

" Thus you, demurest creature ! would but crave
 " To keep me sleeping in my lonely cave—
 " To make me helpless first, and then destroy ;
 " Or at a signal given, with savage joy,
 " Seize my fair pastures in triumphant scorn,
 " And turn me out defenceless and forlorn.
 " Nay—be not startled—for 'tis said, of late
 " You've much departed from your high estate ;
 " Have learnt the basest demagogues to woo,
 " And formed alliance with a lawless crew ;
 " Have left your king and country in the lurch,
 " And joined the levellers in State and Church ;
 " And, would it scandal were—'tis roundly said,
 " The *sour dissenter* has usurped your bed.*

* Alluding here to a common cause with Papists and Dissenters for political, although not religious, objects ; and the repeal of the Corporation and Test Acts.

Scared at the foul surmise, a sense of shame
Came, for a moment, o'er the injured dame,
And gave fresh vigour to her quick reply—

“ In silence though I scorn the envenomed lie,
“ Yet will I try to give your reason play,
“ And chase the mists of prejudice away—
“ Truce to reproaches—mine is the intent
“ To triumph by the force of argument ;
“ And if perchance all sects alike combine
“ To pity such unmeasured woes as mine ;
“ Necessity, you know ('twas wisely said)
“ Brings strange companions to a single bed,
“ And calls unholy champions to the fight,
“ And joins the worst of men, to gain the ends of right.
“ Say, is a righteous cause transformed to ill,
“ Because defended with a lack of skill ?
“ But once admit, and make my sons your friends,
“ And in a trice this mis-alliance ends ;
“ The troops of Discord must at once retire,
“ *Coward and Bully, Demagogue and Liar.*
“ Next mark that doctrine, which your sons detest !
“ Sure it long since had been consigned to rest !
“ Can treason lurk within that noble host,
“ Which of its ‘ *Talbots—Howards*’* still can boast ?

* *Howards* for instance, and *Shrewsburys*—great Catholic families.

“ Can men like these such false devices hold,
“ And thus by stealth turn traitors in the fold ?
“ Dismiss the vain surmise—we’re all agreed—
“ I here renounce at once th’ offending creed ;
“ And vouch my learned sons, whose solemn word,
“ Whose faith is pledged, and placed upon record.*
“ But take the subject in its proper view—
“ You trust us now—and this you still must do :
“ Then surely, either way, the scheme were best
“ At once to abrogate th’ ‘ *Obnoxious Test.*’
“ And if you can’t believe us when we swear,
“ Why set all oaths aside, and leave the matter there.

“ Religion’s torch, when trimmed for holy fight,
“ Has ever shed a most disastrous light ;
“ And from the earliest times, as we begin,
“ Recrimination proves the mutual sin ;
“ And martyrs heaped on martyrs still arise
“ To supplicate the mercy of the skies.
“ Strike but a balance, and the facts divide,
“ And frame a fair account on either side :
“ The bolts, the thumb-screw, and the torturing flame,
“ Which you have placed round Mary’s hateful name,

* The recorded opinions collected by Mr. Pitt from the foreign Roman Catholic universities.

“ Are matched, at least, by meek Eliza's reign ;
“ And Calvin shouting o'er his victim's pain.*
“ In this long train of legislative guilt,
“ And streams on streams by ruthless bigots spilt,
“ The fraud, the crimes, the fury, and the blood,
“ When sons in judgment 'gainst their fathers stood;†
“ Justice can trace each act of lustful power,
“ From martyr'd Cranmer to the Lollards' tower.‡

“ Let but these dark distinctions disappear,
“ Intrigues are silent, and the prospect clear :
“ Left to myself, my fixed support I'll lend
“ To Briton's king, and moderate laws commend ;
“ Will join to dissipate new-fangled schemes,
“ And the wild freaks of philosophic dreams ;
“ Such as would turn the world all upside down,
“ And sink at once the mitre and the crown.

“ But if my speculative tenets still
“ Hurt not in practice, and produce no ill,
“ Why you may laugh—my errors may deplore—
“ But you'll *exclude*, and *persecute* no more.

* Calvin's conduct at the burning of Servetus.

† The temptation offered by these penal laws to sons to betray their fathers, and inherit their possessions.

‡ From the martyrdom of Cranmer, and that also of Lollards, even by himself.

“ Grant that I’m wrong, and act in purpose sly,
“ To keep the Bible from the public eye ;
“ This hurts not you, nor can it mischief breed,
“ If I forbid the illiterate to read.
“ Knowledge is power, you’ll say—so let it be—
“ And let your ‘ march of intellect’ be free ;
“ Yet still the time may come, when, spite of this,
“ You will allow that ‘ ignorance is bliss.’
“ If we believe a middle state, or plan,
“ To purge and purify the inward man ;
“ Why, be it true or false, no harm it brings
“ To States, and Dominations, Powers, and Kings ;
“ If to our priests a full confession goes,
“ And meagre fastings on our vigils close ;
“ If to the shrine of saints our vows incline,
“ And God’s own presence sparkles in the wine—
“ Notions like these, in Folly’s limbo nurst,
“ Can be but mummary, at the very worst !*
“ Rules thus transmitted from the olden time
“ Thou may’st despise, but canst not deem a crime ;
“ May’st call them nonsense, dotage, if thou wilt,
“ But not impute the *Misbeliever’s* guilt ;
“ For in all main essentials we’re agreed,
“ And the broad doctrines of the Christian creed ;

* Superstitious ceremonies, and follies which affect not the political condition of society.

" With you we hail the Three combined in one ;
 " With you th' atonement of the all-blessed Son ;
 " Taught by the self-same book, we learn with you,
 " To give to *Cæsar* what is *Cæsar's* due ;
 " To love the brotherhood with heart-felt zeal,
 " And join consentient to a nation's weal.—
 " Here for a moment pause, while I disclose
 " The weightier errors of your numerous foes.

" First in the ranks the grim Dissenter see,
 " Whose stern religion never *bends the knee*,*
 " But vents his spleen against the prelacy. }
 " In hatred too sincere to use disguise,
 " Each path of enmity he gladly tries ;
 " This is his morning vow—his evening toast—
 " " I hate *the Hind*, but hate *the Panther* most.'
 " And if perchance some few still deign to sport
 " In seeming pleasure at the Lion's court,
 " 'Tis but to lull the shepherds to their fate,
 " And smite the sheep in their defenceless state.

" Mark the first sectarists, from whom begin
 " Those wild-goose follies which make schism a sin—
 " Arians—Pelagians—mighty names of old !
 " The first seceders from the gospel fold,

* Who receive the sacrament in a sitting posture.

" Who spun their finely-drawn distinctions out,
 " Tost in the whirlpool of religious doubt ;
 " Till crazy saints and princes drew their swords,
 " And raised their warfare, not for things, but words.

" Thus marching downwards, view the modern school,
 " Where each Socinus gives th' insidious rule—
 " The rough Moravian, and the Quaker sly,
 " And the full concourse of that smaller fry }
 " Who to a very man degrade the Deity.
 " Christians no more, a meagre faith they own,
 " The broad sheet-anchor of th' *Atonement* gone.
 " In part akin to these, behold a race,
 " The brawlers, ranters, of mistaken grace ;
 " Abroad they prowl, the sport of every tide,
 " No chart or compass left their course to guide*—
 " Above—below—through *fields at large* they roam—
 " Jumpers and Baptists—sanctity and foam.
 " Hence the descent was easy to the crimes
 " Of those vain mountebanks of modern times—
 " Deists, Theo-philanthropists, who call
 " On Paine and Godwin, and with Carlisle bawl, }
 " And in the end believe no Providence at all.

* All the variety of field preachers.

" Next take the doctrines of a later host,
 " Those soft enthusiasts who perfection boast ;
 " When *Wesley* first his wand'ring zealots led
 " O'er Cambria's glens and Cornwall's mineral bed ;
 " On Reason's verge his moon-struck followers stood,
 " Till *Whitfield* shov'd them headlong to the flood.
 " Then Faith, run mad, began her strange career,
 " And banished Reason from Religion's sphere ;
 " And *works* are placed beyond a sinner's reach,
 " When vital Christians on election preach.

" Heavens! how I loathe those full grown babes of
 grace !
 " What varied features mark the motley race !
 " Such queer anomalies of heart and mind !
 " Such vows of boundless love to all mankind !
 " Yet still control'd by Calvin's harsh decree,
 " ' Those are for ever damn'd who won't submit to me !'
 " Such is their strange intolerance and pride,
 " Themselves alone become th' unerring guide
 " To sacred truth, and all are fools beside.
 " That modest lowliness which marked the plan
 " Of Christian mildness first announced to man,
 " With them a term of merest form indeed,
 " Bears a sad contrast to their haughty creed.

“ With minds thus tempered, and a flowing tide,
“ How smoothly into Folly’s gulf they glide !
“ There the spawn ripens into various shapes
“ Of blustering Pharisees and canting apes ;
“ Expectant noodles wait the hopes to come
“ From infant Shilohs in Johanna’s womb.
“ Next of that northern pastor let me tell,*
“ Who to his native plains has bade farewell ;
“ Who now, disowned by an indignant Kirk,
“ In London plies his worse than Babel work.
“ Credulity, as priestess, by his side,
“ Counts all her votaries with an heartfelt pride,
“ And smiles to see the cobweb veil that’s flung
“ O’er lying lips and a deceitful tongue.
“ See where they go, fool quick succeeding fool—
“ All ages rush to one baptismal pool!†
“ The good, the bad, one watery journey take,
“ The modest virgin and decrepid rake ;
“ Brought to the brink they floush half naked in,
“ And join the sheep-wash of indulgent sin.

* This extraordinary fanatic has lately been summoned to answer for his opinions before a higher tribunal than any of this world, and I wish his aberrations of mind and perverse opinions might at once be consigned to oblivion ; but, alas ! his sect is not extinct ! It is mischievously active.

† A modern sect, called the particular Independent Baptists. Would it could be said that this was an exaggerated picture !

“ Whilst snug and joyous, and with curious eye,
“ The lewd old shepherd tarries gazing by.
“ Such scenes as these your Luther never drew,
“ Or Rome, or worse than Roman priesthood knew;
“ Such monstrous follies suit not you or me,
“ Secure, and from the vile contagion free.
“ Whilst false presumptions such as these contain
“ The impious schemes of a perverted brain,
“ And England’s people are the fashioned slaves
“ Of boisterous ideots and designing knaves,
“ The difference, sure, can be but mighty small
“ Twixt those who trust in faith’s exclusive call,
“ And those who dare deny that works avail at all. }

“ How rich the raptures! how divinely sweet
“ When saints elect and whimpering sinners meet!
“ Oh! for some second Hogarth now to paint
“ The youthful profligate commencing saint;
“ To watch his progress—with what skill he bends
“ His plastic virtue to his private ends;
“ To see him wriggling through his sly career:
“ Cunning and cant, hypocrisy and fear,
“ Attend his steps—now reasoning with the good,
“ Now meanly dabbling with the multitude;
“ Shuffling and wheedling—threatening and combining;
“ Praying and weeping—roaring, wrangling, whining;—

“ The preacher, once a misled, worldly man,
“ But now remodelled on a purer plan,
“ Raises to heaven, in sycophantish plight,
“ His hands uplifted, and his eyes of white ;
“ And hails, with rapturous longings for the past,
“ The well-bred hypocrite turned saint at last.
“ Through every haunt of vice he led the chace,
“ Till tired at length, and famished in the race,
“ His fortune spent, his mind too much at fault
“ For honest industry or virtuous thought,
“ He plays his last grand game, and tries his hand
“ To cheat the victims who around him stand.
“ As light and hungry soils, to make them sure,
“ And bear a crop, are smothered with manure ;
“ As well bred cooks collect, from bird and beast,
“ The rich corruptions of the hesternal feast,
“ And from this stock the choicest soups combine,
“ When sapient statesmen and patricians dine ;
“ So from the beds of previous sin and vice,
“ Where the young profligate extended lies,
“ These holy gardeners cull the noxious weed,
“ And raise that plant of vice which quickest run to seed.
“ The virtuous man, who, from his earliest youth,
“ Has worn the livery of the gospel truth—
“ Kind to his friends, and faithful to his trust,
“ Patient and pure, benevolent and just—

- “ He—he is quite beside their tow’ring plan—
“ They spurn the *sober and consistent* man !
“ But is there one whose varied history tells
“ Of every crime that darkens Newgate’s cells—
“ Who, turned repentant at his utmost need,
“ Cringes and wheedles for his crust of bread :
“ On him they fasten with a wild delight,
“ And hold the monster to the public sight ;
“ Preach to the murderer at the fatal tree—
“ ‘ Say thou believest, heaven shall dwell in thee !
“ ‘ Tho’ steeped in infamy, and stained with crime,
“ ‘ Thou soon shalt rise before the throne sublime !
“ ‘ See ! paradise is opening on thy sight—
“ ‘ With the bless’d Jesus thou shalt rest to-night,
“ ‘ And taste those joys which, trust me, none shall
 know
“ ‘ Of these thy persecutors here below !’
“ Thus soothed and pamper’d by the tempting fiend,
“ The felon glories in his shameful end ;
“ Extatic visions o’er his senses creep ;
“ Presumptuous Hope bids ruffled Conscience sleep ;
“ Anticipated Joy usurps the place
“ Of sad Contrition at the throne of Grace ;
“ And blithe as bridegroom at a marriage feast,
“ He meets his doom, all *certain to be blest!*

- “ Such are the blots old Calvin’s doctrines hide—
“ Such the results of *self-elected pride* ;
“ Blaspheming Folly, from her pulpit throne,
“ Damns all religious feeling but her own.
“ There, as the glib, conceited preacher paints,
“ Murderers, and rogues, and levellers are saints,
“ Th’ unhappy victim drinks the luscious theme,
“ The tender maid devours the holy dream ;
“ Impassioned hymns her inmost soul inflame,
“ And her cheeks burn at her ‘ *Redeemer’s*’ name ;
“ She hails the language of inflamed desire,
“ And the gross images of carnal fire ;
“ And young and old alike are taught to sip
“ Religious rapture from Emanuel’s lip !*
“ Thus do they learn to meet their Saviour’s face,
“ And claim their birthright to an act of grace !
“ Thus do the votaries of repentant sin
“ Knock at heaven’s door, and rush triumphant in—
“ With sense at variance, and religion quite,
“ They ask no favour, but demand a right ;
“ Prayer and repentance are but words of form—
“ So seize ‘ the *Mediating* God’ by storm !

* One is almost afraid to borrow the language of these blaspheming enthusiasts. The sad reflection is, that the picture is not overcharged, as the reader may quickly learn, by referring to some of their select hymn-books.

“ Peace to all such, who thus deluded feel
“ The worst effects of visionary zeal—
“ Who spurn the beaten road of wrong and right,
“ As mere knight-errants in the scrambling fight.
“ But let us next approach the *high-flying few*,*
“ Who hunt from realm to realm the wand’ring Jew.
“ What can they mean ? or do they fondly try
“ To alter Heaven’s recorded prophecy ?
“ And madly think to put a sudden close
“ On God’s revenge, and Judah’s destined woes ?
“ Far better, sure, to seek that humble cell,
“ Where heart-felt piety and reason dwell ;
“ To do what good may come within our sphere,
“ Best proves Religion’s honest warfare here.
“ Is it your lot to wander up and down,
“ And watch the vices of the giddy town ?
“ To cast your eyes o’er London’s noxious clime,
“ And trace each rich variety of crime ?
“ In spite of justice, unsubdued by fear,
“ The child of vice pursues his swift career :
“ And well-bred villains haunt the gambler’s hell,
“ Whilst rogues and whores, in dark St. Giles’s dwell.
“ Or do your happier stars direct your feet
“ To some rude spot in nature’s lone retreat ?

* Society for the Conversion of the Jews.

- “ Can you not there afford effectual aid
“ To the meek pastor, in his holy trade ?
“ Can you not help him, as from door to door
“ He deals his blessings to the labouring poor ?
“ Can you not smooth the dying Christian’s bed,
“ And give unto his orphan children bread ?
“ Such thoughts as these, might teach us not to roam ;
“ True Christian charity begins at home :
“ Whilst such remain around us, still to know
“ The comforts that from sound Religion flow ;
“ Till then, I must confess, where’er I be,
“ Obdurate Israel has no charms for me.
“ Adieu then to all those who idly preach,
“ The public pulpit, and the flowery speech !
“ Like gaudy tulips catch the general eye,
“ But leave the modest flowers of truth to die.”

Prest by these arguments, the spotted beast,
Her silence broke, and thus her spleen express’d :

- “ Stay, child of virtue, stay ! not quite so quick,
“ You once could play the heroine of a trick ;
“ You fain would rule the Lusitanian plain,
“ And with Sertorius* cheat confiding Spain.

* This slap of the Panther alludes to Sertorius who was attended in all his battles by a milk-white Hind, to whom he professed to owe all his victories.

“ Your ancient cunning and deceitful guile,
“ Still clothes your machinations with a smile—
“ Your priests—external lambs ! why one and all
“ Are ravening wolves, at ‘ the *Dictator’s*’ call.”

Smiling, the Hind replied, “ This false retort
“ Comes to your aid, as argument grows short ;
“ But, madam, with the ill pray take the good ;
“ Past are those days when papists prow’d for blood :
“ And deeds of torture now no more are seen,—
“ We blush to think that such things might have been.
“ Injuries alone can give my priesthood strength,
“ And *Jesuit** vigour is subdued at length—
“ But let them have *their due*—to them you owe,
“ Knowledge to ward off superstition’s blow :
“ The stores of Greece and Rome, through them
 survive,
“ Safe from the invasions of the Northern hive.
“ Here all pretence to fortune I resign,
“ Let but religious liberty be mine :

* The Jesuits and Benedictines, who saved the learning of the world, after the invasion of the Goths and Vandals. In strictness, the latter may be said, more properly, to have saved the learning of the world. But the Jesuits, at a later period, were the main promoters of classical learning, and the study of the dead languages. Each supplies the Hind with the grounds of her argument.

“ Rouse all your hatred—persecute and slay,
“ If e’er by thought or word—by night or day,
“ I look with envy on the Lion’s wealth,
“ Or filch one solitary crumb by stealth.
“ No—let my children ramble as they please,
“ And roam at large, in freedom’s happier ease ;
“ Content and calm, around the chase to rove,
“ Nor touch the precincts of the sacred grove ;
“ Pleas’d with your smiling nooks, and alleys green,
“ And in your verdant purlieus to be seen.
“ Oh, then, for once, believe me whilst I swear,
“ To rest contented with the greensward bare, }
“ And never to invade your royal lair.
“ But, setting grounds of policy aside,
“ Let Christian charity the case decide.
“ Because you revel in an affluent meal,
“ Why should it follow we must starve or steal ?
“ Whate’er is useful in a public view,
“ Is good and beautiful in morals too :
“ What hurts no interest, and betrays no trust,
“ Must needs be politic alike, and just.
“ Then be not jealous, if my harmless train
“ Sport unmolested o’er the forest plain ;
“ Enjoy the self-same glades and sunshine too,
“ When full abundance grows to nourish me and you.
“ Now, for the sake of argument, I’ll grant
“ That false assumption, which you mainly want ;

" We, who first saw the living waters spread,
 " All pure and sparkling from the fountain-head—
 " That we, who found them clear, soon made them worse,
 " And brought pollution to their very source—
 " That we, through various climes, have seen them go,
 " Still growing fouler, as they distant flow ;
 " Are we not brethren still, in a degree ?
 " Do not you drink from the same fount as we ?
 " Are we not both by one great Master fed,
 " And both partakers of Celestial bread ?
 " If yours the purest white, why need you make
 " Objection to our *medicated* cake ?*
 " Why then, since beasts of every kind resort
 " To swell the splendour of the Lion's court ;
 " Vote in the senate, and attend the throne,
 " Why should *Exclusion* rest on us alone ?"

" Methinks you now have taken room enough,"
 Calmly replied the Lady of the Muff ;†
 " And, once for all, make but this boasting plain,
 " And Persecution shall arise in vain :
 " Show your professions are but strictly true,
 " To love your Monarch, and obey him too—
 " Show, in defiance of all-searching Rome,
 " Your first—your best affections, dwell at home ;

* Holy wafers and frankincense.

† The Lady of the Spotted Muff.—DRYDEN.

“ Then may you turn to friends your ancient foes,
“ And I will only pity—not oppose.
“ Your wafers, frankincense and mystic host,
“ A piece of idle trickery at most—
“ Your saints invoked, the Virgin you adore,
“ Your precious relics, and your ample store
“ Of pompous miracles, can nought avail,
“ Whilst we despise them as a beldam’s tale.
“ Believe me, dame, those hours are much mispent,
“ Which pore o’er *Constance, Lateran, and Trent*.
“ The times are past since councils first began
“ To frame those tenets, which imprison man ;
“ And bulls and constitutions, and such things,
“ Suit no republics, and befriend no kings ;
“ But common sense and reason shall prevail
“ Where headstrong Milner and Bellarmine fail.”

“ A truce !” rejoined the Hind, “ a sacred truce !
“ Nor dwell on doctrines long since out of use,
“ Nor let mistaken zeal or furious hate
“ Still goad us onwards to our mutual fate ;
“ But in a happier moment let us see
“ How large the portion, where we all agree ;
“ In patient hope, I’ll wait the Lion’s call,
“ To take my station in his storied hall.
“ Then we shall stay religion’s impious fight,
“ And put each brawling demagogue to flight :

“ And, blest with peace, and harmony within,
“ Despise the marshall'd troops of death and sin.
“ Then may we laugh at those whose eager mind,
“ Would raise one grand revolt o'er all mankind ;
“ Who soon would pull Religion's fabric down,
“ And with a ruin'd Church o'erwhelm the Crown.
“ Then will I thank your generous sons, who quelled
“ The voice of bigots, and my cause upheld ;
“ Will thank your prelates, who assistance lent,
“ And still respect their *mildness of dissent*.
“ Then will I praise those chosen few, who gave
“ Religion's balm to the forsaken slave ;*
“ And with the Hindoo, bend me down and weep
“ O'er the blest spot where Swartz and Heber sleep.
“ Thus, let us do our common Saviour's will ;—
“ Silence, ye zealots ! be ye atheists still !
“ Let no false doctrines mar the beauteous whole,
“ Or factious schemes degrade the uplifted soul :
“ Truth shall prevail when angry bickerings cease,
“ And future days glide on secure in peace.”

The Panther paused, in posture to relent,
As her grim visage seemed to speak assent ;
And almost kneel'd in sympathy to share
In the mild spirit of the saint-like prayer.

* The Missionary Societies, for the propagation of the Gospel in the East and West Indies.

When the meek dame, with sudden rapture fired,
Gave a light bound, and cried, like one inspired ;
“ See, here’s the bond—believe me now, ’tis true,
“ My chains are fallen aside—*Le Roy le veut.*”*

“ Nay,” quoth the Panther, “ I’ve no private ends,
“ Since public duty bids us now be friends;
“ Pray take the shelter of my lone retreat,
“ And step within and rest your weary feet.”

Here ceased their converse, and with fervent care,
They both addressed to Heaven their common prayer :
“ Father of Mercies ! Lord of heaven and earth !
“ Who is, and was, before Creation’s birth !
“ Thus be the banners of thy Faith unfurl’d,
“ In bright effulgence o’er a willing world.
“ So may one shepherd in his ample fold,
“ Christians of each denomination hold ;
“ So may the Lion and the Kid agree,
“ And High Church flourish with Presbytery ;
“ And all mankind in strains harmonious sing,
“ One Lord of all—one Everlasting King—
“ One Lamb of God, Omnipotent to save ;
“ One Christ triumphant, o’er the vanquished grave.”

* The Hind here produces the Emancipation Act.

D. PANTHER.

d, the heavens above,
sal love ;
ere heard on high,
the sky ;
from their sphere,
oyous news to hear.
down the gale,
grateful tale ;
allowed descant ran ;
Good Will to Mortal Man!"

